

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

VOLUME XX.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1891.

NUMBER 52

Published every week.
\$1.50 a year, in advance.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

Entered at the Post Office, New York, N. Y.
as second class matter.

POETRY.

The Legend of Goldberg.

Still and ghastly in the moonlight
Lay the German village brown,
But appeared no human figure,
For the plague was in the town.
There had corpses laid unburied,
And whom death had chanced to spare
Were all hidden in the houses
From the pestilential air.
So in terror had they hidden,
Dreading night, afraid of day,
Praying, waiting, scarcely hoping,
For the dread to pass away.
Came the snow, then morning sunshine,
Came the Christmas as of old,
But no form moved in the village;
It lay silent, white and cold.
Rose that morn the singer, Caspar,
From the bed where he had lain
(He alone of all the stricken
In his home would rise again)
"I alone," he thought, "am living;
I alone"—his eyes grew dim—
"I alone of all the village
May repeat the Christmas hymn."
"What though death may be awaiting—
What is death?—the day is bright;
I will sing the Christ child story
Sing it looking on the light."

Open then he threw the shutter,
And upon the silent street
From his lips rang out the anthem;
Strong and hopeful, clear and sweet.
Through the frosty air of morning
The old Christmas anthem rang—
What was that? Another shutter
Opened wide as Caspar sang!
And another and another—
There was limit to the slain—
God be thanked. A score of voices
Joining in with Caspar sang!
And they knew no more were dying
That the hand with prayer to stay
Had been reached out to deliver—
This they knew on Christmas day.
—Chicago News.

STORY TELLER.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

"It was Christmas night, 184—" continued Plunkett, "when I first seed Peter Simpson, though it had been norated erround for some time that there was er stranger in the settlement, and that he was erkin to old Billy Brooks, and was ergwyne to settle ermong us if he could find er place to suit him."

Brown drew his chair up closer to the old man and remarked:
"Them was the days when you played the fiddle, and I hain't much to brag on myself nor on my kin, but I never seed no music that come up to 'Sugar in the Gourd' when I was er handling the straws and you was er pulling of the bow."

"I've seed the day I could fairly make er fiddle talk," nodded Plunkett and then continued:
"On the Christmas night of 184—that was a party at old man Jimmy Lawrence's, and we'd all gathered and the young folks had played er game or two of such as 'Thimble,' and 'Timothy Tuberbutin,' and 'Snap Out,' till at last they gathered partners and begin to walk erround and erround, and Peter he was there a stranger and he didn't have no partner and was n't er have nothing to do with the walking erround. So Lucy Coats, as good er girl as ever lived in Georgia, wanted to make him feel at home, and so she axed him for the 'middle fellow.'"

"That's the way the play is. They all have partners but one. The odd one gets in the middle as they all walk erround and sing, and when they git to the part in the song where it says 'Right here I'll find her,' they all change partners and the middle man has the right to jump beside some of the girls if he is quick enough and then that fellow that loses his girl gets in the middle, and so it goes."

"Oh, I know that old play," spoke Brown, at the same time drawing his chair a little nearer to the old man.

"Well," continued Plunkett, Peter he got in the middle, and all the youngest walked erround and erround singing so as you could er heard 'em er mile:

"It rains and it hails and it's cold stormy weather,
Along comes the farmer drinking all the cider,
I'll reap the oats and who'll be the binder?
I lost my true love and right here I'll find her."

"And then the change come and Peter he throwed himself erround and got by the side of Lucy, and he has told me since that he loved her from that very minute."

Old man Brown was unable to contain himself longer and he remarked:
"And Lucy made him as good er wife as ever er man had."

Plunkett frowned at being disturbed, but soon continued:
The young folks went on with their playing—first one thing and then another—till pretty soon they got partners and went walking erround and erround ergin, singing:

"Very well done, said Johnnie Brown,
This is the way to London town;
Stand you still, stand you by,
Till you hear the watchman cry."

"On this carpet you must kneel,
Kiss your true love in the field,
Kiss the one that you love best
Just before she goes to rest."

"Pretty soon," continued Plunkett, they cried out, 'Seat your partners, and Peter and Lucy was right close to me and Lucy she turned and 'lowed:

"Mr. Plunkett, let me make you acquainted with Mr. Simpson."

"Then Peter he shook hands erlong with me and took er seat by me, and it warn't no time till me and he was jest like old friends, and he lived by me er long time and I never had er truer friend or better neighbor, and Christmas makes me think erbout these old times and these old neighbors that have passed away forever."

"Well," continued Plunkett, "Peter and Lucy married during of the year 184—, and that's what I want to tell you about."

"In that old hewed log house that you passed on the road where the moss is er growing on the roof lives er nigger man by the name of old Tom that was the first nigger that ever Peter and Lucy had. Tom was some eighteen years old when Peter's dada give him to them, and old Tom and Peter had been brought up together, and Peter done just as much work as he required Tom to do, and they made good crops and in two or three years Peter had er right smart money laid up, and so he bought some more land, after that he bought another nigger or two and they helped him, and soon paid for themselves and Tom and Lucy got ambitious to be rich and they went in debt, thinking they could work and pay out, and so things were moving erlong, when Tom over yonder on the road, went to his young master and mistress and told 'em he wanted to marry one of old Squire Crawford's nigger gals. Tom's master was willing for him to marry the girl that he loved, but the old squire he fixed up and before anybody thought about it he'd sold out his plantation and put out for Texas. Folks were crazy on Texas them days, and it didn't take er fellow long to git off for them parts when the fever once struck 'em."

"After Squire Crawford went off to Texas old Tom never was the same fellow. He didn't sing and dance erround like he always had and he'd seed erround by himself and wouldn't have much to do with anybody, and Peter and Lucy noticed it and tried to grit him to forget the girl that went off to Texas, but they couldn't and old Tom he began to talk erround ermong the other niggers that slavery was wrong and that he'd rather be dead than submit to it. Things went erlong this way till Tom he got worse and worse, till at last one night when the niggers had gathered out in their yard and were playing and er singing under a big oak on the grass, Tom he jest set out on er horse block and whittled with his knife and looked down at the ground till he heard the niggers sing the old song:

"Old massa give me holler day
Her said he'd give me more,
And I thanked him very kindly,
And I shoved my boat from shore.
It's oh, my dearest May!
You're lovely as the day.
Your eyes so bright
They shine at night,
When the moon has gone away."

"And from across the branch came the plaintive sound of negro voices from Freeman's quarter, and as Tom listened his heart seemed to go out in sympathy to the singers, for as they progressed he slowly raised his head and leaned forward, as if to catch the sound, and his lips moved in unison as the words:

"I took her hand within my own,
A tear was in her eyes,
I asked her if she would be mine,
Her answer was a sigh.
Oh, Emma, dear, dear Emma,
From the Mississippi vale
In all this wide world over
There is none like Emma Dale."

swelled upon the breezes, and at the finish he arose from his seat and walked toward the woods.

"When the niggers got through with their frolic Tom was gone, and the next morning when the other niggers went to work that warn't no Tom there, and it was pretty soon known Tom was a runaway."

"Peter and Lucy wouldn't hear to putting hounds after Tom, and so he was not heard from any more, and they had quit talking about him on the place. Thus it went for a year. The crops were sorry and Peter failed to pay anything on his thousand dollar note to old man Smith, but had to renew and borrow a little more. Peter was confident and Lucy was cheerful, and so they pitched another crop and resolved to economize and work hard, never thinking that luck had turned ergin 'em."

"Erlong in June, though," continued Plunkett, "the niggers that Peter had bought got the smallpox ermong them, all three of them died and the crop was lost, but Peter rolled up his sleeves and worked the harder and Lucy she was jest the same good little woman, and they made er pretty good crop and got it housed, and I don't think ary one of 'em ever thought erbout luck being ergin 'em."

"But," continued the old man, "on the 3d day of December—on the night of that day—I never would forget it if I were to live er thousand years, Peter's barn ketched er fire and burned up his whole crop and all three of his horses, and the very next morning old Smith was over there er pressing him for the twelve hundred dollars and said he had to have it or he'd take possession of the farm. The money would be due on the 26th day of December, and old Smith wanted his money or possession on that day. The prospects for a happy Christmas was mighty gloomy for Peter, but Lucy said:

"Well, Peter, you've got me and the children yet."

"Yes, and you've never herd me complain, but I do hate to give up the home."

"That was erbout as much to do as there was erbout it, until at last Christmas eve night rolled around and the Little children hung up their stockings and talked themselves to sleep about old Santa Claus, and Peter and Lucy listened with hidden tears, and all through the long night they sat until the hands on the clock pointed to the hour of three, and then Peter raised his head and lowed:

"Lucy, we will have to give up our home to Smith."

"Before Lucy could answer a soft, catlike tread was heard upon the porch and the latch string was pulled, and as the door opened there was revealed to the sight of the astonished pair:

"Old Tom the runaway."

"Ise worth \$2,000 of any man's money, and that will pay off old Smith's mortgage," said old Tom, as he unsling a clean pillow case from his shoulder that was filled with goodies for the little ones, and that soon swelled the little stockings that hung on the mantel."

"With the return of old Tom came prosperity to Peter and Lucy, for when old Smith found that Tom had returned and if put up for sale would pay the mortgage, he made terms that enabled Peter and old Tom to go to work upon the farm, and not only get out of debt, but get rich, and Tom was set free long fore any Yankees knowed him, and Peter he went out to Texas and found old Squire Crawford and bought the woman what Tom loved and brought her back to Georgia on Christmas Day, 184—, and give her to Tom for his Christmas present, and they live at yonder moss covered log house, and I wish them a merry, merry Christmas."—Atlanta Constitution.

A Very Little Christmas Tale.

A party of gentlemen were discussing Kris Kringle and the day's events at the Auditorium dispensary. All or nearly all were relating the experiences of the night before or that morning with the little folks.

"Boy," said one of the party, a big furniture man on Wabash avenue, "I want to tell you what my little youngster said when he saw the Christmas tree. He is the baby of the house and has taken most absorbing fancy to his papa. I seem to be to his babyish fancy the be-all and end-all of humanity. My wife and I fixed up the tree last night, and this morning we opened her up just a little after daylight. Three pairs of eyes were all ablaze, but the fourth little pair seemed to be missing something. The little one of course

understood that Santa Claus brought everything, and as Santa Claus had been very liberal older heads marveled somewhat at the indifference of the baby boy to his gifts. Pretty soon the little fellow laid his toys away with a kind of bored expression, and climbing on my knee he lisped,

"Papa, did Thanta Claus bring does sings?" I said, "Yes, dear," repeating the conventional lie. The little chap put his mouth to my ear and whispered, "Papa, I don't care for Thanta Claus—what is oo doin' to diz me?" Boys, maybe I didn't go off and buy that baby something; and give it to him out of my own hand. Sometimes I think the Santa Claus fable ought to be relegated to the top shelf. That little boy cared nothing for Santa Claus or for his gifts. He did love his papa and wanted him to remember him."—Chicago Herald.

Concerning the Mistletoe.

AN EXOTIC SHRUB WHICH HAS BUT RECENTLY BEEN INTRODUCED IN AMERICA.

The mistletoe hung on the castle wall,
And the holly branch shone in the old oak hall,
And the baron's retainers were blithe and gay
Keeping their Christmas holiday.

At this season of the year, the mistletoe is a welcome addition to the stock of our florists, being intimately associated, as it is, with Christmas sports. It is new, however, to this country, and it is not much more than a decade since the first venture was ever brought here. The shrub is mostly tropical and parasitical, and authorities on the subject tell us that there are over four hundred known species of the order. There is only one species known to Great Britain, the common mistletoe—the viscum album, as it is botanically known—and it is with that particular species that we have to deal.

It is popularly supposed that the mistletoe grows exclusively on the oak tree, but this is a mistake, as it is found on the oak in very rare instances, while it grows with great profusion on the apple, the pear, the hawthorn, and also on sycamores, limes, poplars, lousset trees and firs. In some portions of the south of England, it is very abundant, and in evergreen leaves give a peculiar appearance to the orchards in winter, when the bushes of mistletoe are very conspicuous among the naked branches of the forest.

There is a superstition connected with the mistletoe that it is unlucky to fell an oak on which it grows, and the author of "Magna Britannia" describes a great wood belonging to the archbishops of the Hundred of Croyland, said to have consisted wholly of oaks, and among them was one that bore mistletoe, which some persons were so hardy as to cut down for the gain of selling it to the apothecaries of London, leaving a branch of it to sprout out, but they proved unfortunate after it, for one of them fell lame and others lost an eye. At length, in the year 1678, a certain man, notwithstanding he was warned against it, upon account of what the others had suffered, adventured to cut the tree down, and he soon after broke his leg. To fell oaks had long been considered fatal, and such as believe it produce the instance of the Earl of Winchelsea, who, having felled a curious grove of oaks, soon after found his countess dead in her bed suddenly, and his eldest son, Lord Maidstone, was presently killed by a cannon ball.—New York Press.

The Kind of Women Needed.

The strongest man in the world, says Mary Seymour Howell, is the one who is also most tender and has great sentiment. So, if man would know the depth of woman's love and capability, let him not find one who is but an ivy, but one with brains and independence, able to stand without him but far happier with him, and he will have discovered a queen who will give him the homage due a king and will bring into his life that abiding sentiment that endures beyond time. Victor Hugo has said:

"Woman is the social problem, the human mystery. She seems great weakness—she is great strength. The man on whom an entire nation leans must needs himself lean on a woman. The day in which she is wanting all is wanting."

We are soon going into a new century which is calling for strong woman as well as men. Self sustaining

women, thinking out the great problems of a finer and higher civilization—women who will bless and purify social life, ennoble the political arena and help solve the vexed question—women who will bless home, make wives worthy of the best men of the country and be the mothers of a noble race.—Detroit Free Press.

FAST THAT THEY MAY EAT.

THE PIOUS GREEK'S CHRISTMAS TABLE AND HOW HE PREPARES FOR IT.

For a month before Christmas every pious Greek has observed a right fast, says a traveler, consequently the "table," which on that day is spread in every house, produces something akin to festivity.

My friends of the evening before begged me to sit down and partake of the meal that they had prepared. It was somewhat of a struggle to me, I must own, for I expected it would not be served in very magnificent style. Still, I was not prepared for what actually happened.

On a small round table was placed a perfect mountain of macaroni and cheese—not such cheese as we are accustomed to put with ours, but coarse sheep's milk cheese, which stung my mouth like mustard, and left a pungent taste therein which tarried there for days. Then there were no plates, no forks, no spoons. The master of the house had a knife with which he attacked the dish, and the one which on ordinary occasions fell to the mistress was now kindly placed at my disposal. As for the rest of the family, they were an example of the adage that fingers were made before forks, and these fingers grew perceptibly cleaner as the meal progressed.

What a meal it was, indeed; as if it were a contest in gastronomic activity. Yet it was pleasant to see the appetite with which great and small entered into the contest and filled their mouths to overflowing with the savory mass. I was left behind in the contest, and had, I fear, to tell many untruths concerning my appetite and the excellence of the dish, and great was my relief when it was removed and dried fruits and nuts took its place.

To drink we had resinated wine—that is to say, wine which had been stored in a keg covered with resin inside, which gives the flavor so much relished by the Greeks, but which is almost as unpalatable to an Englishman as beer must be to those who drink it for the first time.

The wine, however, had the effect of loosening the tongues of my friends, who had been too busy as yet to talk, and they told me many interesting Christmas tales.—Exchange.

A Christmas with Edwin Booth.

"I remember a Christmas I spent in Mr. Booth's company many years ago," said a young theatrical manager in the foyer. "He had bought a summer residence at Cos Cob, Conn., the previous summer, and invited me up to play Santa Claus and do the chimney act. His property was a fair-sized little promontory of land, bounded on one side by the Connecticut River, on the other side by Long Island Sound, and the New York and New Haven tracks formed the base line. If there is any one road affected by tramps it is that same New Haven road, and when I arrived, two or three days before Christmas, there was a line of them waiting their turn at the gate that reminded me of a highly successful advance sale, one tramp near the gate even offering to sell his advanced position for ten cents. Booth was much worried about the dangerous looking fellows, and it struck me that a dog would be highly appropriate as a gift."

"I wired to a friend in New York, and the day before Christmas the biggest Siberian hound I ever saw was waiting at the little station for me. Booth was tickled to death, and we managed to chain that dog just inside the main gate near the lodge, and then we shook hands. It was an awful big dog, bigger than a little donkey that arrived on the next train with a go-cart as a present to his little daughter Edwina. Well, we fixed up the presents that night. I dressed up in fur rugs and traps as Santa Claus, and had arranged to drive the donkey into the reception room and distribute the gifts from the well-laden go-cart. The dog was to remain in the little shed we had extemporized for him, but he didn't. He was there on business, and he attended to it promptly.

The chain broke like a piece of twine and I broke for the balcony, which I just managed to reach from the cart. Of course there was a racket, and I got in at the window, and by the time we had armed ourselves with antique sword and a revolutionary musket the noise had subsided sufficiently for us to venture forth. The dog was just seen in the moonlight disappearing over the stone wall, thousands of dollars worth of presents were scattered in the deep snow, and donkey meat and fur were lying an inch deep over the three acres of Booth premises. The Siberian bloodhound had torn the donkey to atoms."—Chicago Tribune.

Waited in Vain for his Boy.

I had seen the old man on the Street and around the railroad depot, and he was such a queer looking old Garkey, and his wool was so snowy white, and his face so full of wrinkles, that I asked about him, says a contributor to the Detroit Free Press.

"That's Uncle Bill, as we call him," replied the colonel. "Queer old man. Years and years ago, directly after the war, his son Henry left here and has never been heard of since. He's probably dead. His wife and all the other children are dead, and the old man lives among some kind-hearted colored people down the Street. He goes to the depot several times a day, rain or shine, to see the trains come in. He has faith that his boy will return some day, and he wants to be on hand to greet him."

That evening I found Uncle Billy on the depot platform, alert and anxious for the arrival of the train. When I asked him if he expected anybody, he replied:

"Deed I does, sah. Ize dun spectin' my boy Henry will cum in on dem kivered whar, fur shore."

"What makes you expect him? Have you had any word or letter?"

"N-no, sah. I jest dun spect him, an' dat's all. Ize gittin' mighty old and trembly, an' dat boy knows his old fadder wants to see him afol he dies. Doan' you reckon he'll come?"

"I hope so, uncle."

"Lawd bress me, but Ize kept a hopin' an' a hopin', till my ole heart's cryin' out like a baby's! Ef dat boy would only come I'd put my ole arms around him just like a mudder and die happy. Seems like I can't die nohow till Ize dun sot eyes on him again. Dar's de train!"

He hobbled up and down the platform, nervous and excited, and as the train stopped and a dozen passengers got off he peered into each one's face and finally turned away with a groan. I missed him for a few minutes while talking with a friend, but as I walked down to the end of the platform I found him sitting with his back to the building and his old white head resting on his breast.

"Well, uncle, your boy didn't come this evening," I said, as I stopped before him.

He made no answer.

"But he may come to-morrow. Hello! Uncle Billy—gone to sleep?"

I put my hand on his head, but he did not move. I looked more closely and I found that he was dead. He had turned away from the train and sat down there and died. Heaven had let him live many years beyond his allotted time that he might again behold the face of the last of his kindred, but the face had never come.

Not All Over.

Frost—Well, it's all over.
Snow—What's all over?
Frost—Christmas. I say it's only comes once a year, and it's all over until next time.

Snow—Not by a jugful. The bills are not in yet for half the stuff my wife bought and charged to me.—Selected.

A Terrible Strain.

Employer (anxiously)—Does Mr. De Goode drink?

Confidential Clerk—Not a drop.

"He has been two hours late for three mornings, and he looks as if he had been on a terrible spree."

"It's all right. On Christmas he gave his boy a drum."—Exchange.

It Wasn't Necessary.

First Sweet Girl—Did you have a mistletoe bough in your house?

Second Sweet Girl—No, I had one ready, but forgot to put it up.

"Of all things! Forgot it?"

"Yes; you see, George and I somehow or other became engaged the day before."—Floating.

WHAT IS MONEY?

AN INTERESTING COUNDRUM PROFOUND-ED AND ANSWERED.

London *Tid Bits* lately offered a prize for the best definition of "Money." The prize was awarded to Henry E. Baggs, of Sheffield. His definition was:—

An article which may be used as a universal passport to everywhere except Heaven, and as a universal provider of everything except happiness.

The following is a selection of some of the best definitions submitted:—

The reward that sweetens labor.
The balance that adjusts the scales in well nigh every transaction of human life.

The recognized measure of value and medium of exchange.

Money is an idol, worshipped in every clime without a single temple.

The sugar that sweetens life.

The best microscope for finding relationship with.

'Tis a bee that stores honey if you know how to use it.
But it stings, and then wings, if you only abuse it.

The only commodity that remains in fashion from generation to generation.

The father's independence, the mother's satisfaction, the son's snare, and the daughter's blessing.

The god of the miser, the plaything of the rich, the joy of the middle classes, and the envy of the poor.

The bull's eye of ambition.

Hard to get, easy to spend, awkward to borrow, and unpleasant to land.

What father wishes for, what mother spends;
What old aunts leaves us. What uncle lends;
Boys cannot keep it, and girls soon disperse;
Used right 'tis a blessing, used wrong 'tis a curse.

When we possess love and health, money is the one thing wanted to make life worth living.

The traveler's best pocket companion.

One of the umpires in the game of life, played between happiness versus misery.

The best friend of the masses, the mainstay of the classes, the grand aim of the lasses, and the ruin of the asses.

Honest Iago calls it trash, but with many it is next to their religion; with some it is religion, and fools throw up their interest in both worlds for its sake.

That which a man struggles for in life, and after life leaves for others to struggle over.

Money is, next to religious faith, the mightiest comforter in life, whose value, however, can only be fully appreciated by those who have both possessed it and have felt its want.

Ammunition for the battle of life. Mrs. Grundy's standard of respectability.

That which everyone desires to obtain in order to have the pleasure of parting with it.

Palm oil.

A most useful commodity, capable of transmitting to its fortunate possessor everything but health and happiness.

That which it is man's mission to get and woman's mission to spend.

The dust that blinds all eyes.

A commodity, the value of which is best appreciated by those who haven't got any.

A tangible expression of fickle fortune's smile.

The honey pot that has all the world for flies.

The motor of life, without which all its pleasures and enjoyments would come to a dead stop.

That which, having not, we want; having, we want more; having more, want more still; and the more we secure the less happy and contented we become.

The most unevenly distributed commodity on the face of the earth.

A remedy which cures more complaints than all other remedies put together.

A great evil that does a lot of good.

That for which we spend the best years of our lives in accumulating and the remainder of our lives in finding a means of spending.

A taskmaster to whom everybody is a willing slave.

A capital material for lining pockets with.

The blood that flows through the veins of commerce.

Devil's dust.—Ee.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 24, 1891.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 164th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS
One copy, one year, \$1.50
Clubs often, 1.25
If not paid within six months, 2.50

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A Merry Christmas to all!

When the phonograph was invented, the general impression was that of all inventions it was the one that had no interest for the deaf. What difference there can be between the tones from a machine that reproduces speech, and the original tones of the individual whose voice sounds are thus reproduced, is something difficult of comprehension to one who is deaf; still it is claimed that the degree of concentration is so great, that some deaf persons who would be unable to catch even a vestige of the original, can distinguish the tones of the phonographic reproduction. The following gives the result of experiments in this direction by Superintendent Johnson, of the Indianapolis Institution:

Superintendent Johnson, of the Deaf and Dumb Institute, has been making some interesting experiments with the phonograph, and believes that in connection with it he can teach the majority of the deaf-mutes under his charge to talk. He finds that the instrument concentrates the sound at the drum of the ear in such a way that some pupils otherwise deaf are enabled to hear. He intends to carry experiments further, and he thinks the phonograph may become a means of teaching the use of their voices to some mutes, whose inability to speak is due to the fact that they have never heard speech.

He tried the phonograph with twenty-seven boys and twenty-nine girls. Of these only three girls were unable to hear any thing at all. Twenty boys and twenty girls could hear the instrument, while eleven boys and fifteen girls could distinguish spoken words. Of the fifty-six whose hearing was tested by placing the phonographic tubes into their ears, twenty-eight could hear best with the left ear and fourteen with the right, while eleven heard alike in both ears.

Notwithstanding the above, we are convinced that all who can hear the phonograph, can distinguish sounds as well, if not better, by the aid of Currier's Conversation Tubes; and we would suggest that Superintendent Johnson try them, and as carefully record the result as he has in the experiments with the phonograph. What the deaf need is something that will be practical and useful to them after they leave school. They certainly can not carry around phonographs. If there is some essential element in the tubes attached to the phonograph, that condenses or multiplies or make clearer the sounds, it will be well to discover exactly what it is; and this can only be done by a careful comparison with hearing tubes that have proved valuable and practicable. Let a careful comparison be made, and then let the public know the results.

A HANDSOME cloth-bound volume of 171 pages, entitled "Great Truths Simply Told," has been sent us by the author, Prof. George L. Weed, of the Pennsylvania Institution. It is intended for "young learners of Christian teachings," and "young readers of Bible words," and is admirably adapted to the inculcation of "great truths" to pupils of institutions for the deaf. The lessons are so simple and excellently graded and classified, that every Principal should secure one and examine it; and we doubt not but the result will be its extensive adoption in the instruction of their pupils in this pre-eminently important part of their education.

ATTENTION is directed to the announcement of the Committee having in charge the ball of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, which occurs on Tuesday evening, December 29th, in Lyric Hall, this city. It promises to be a grand affair, and as the entertainments of this club are noted for their good order and pleasurable features, it is expected that the deaf-mutes of New York and Brooklyn, as well as adjacent towns and cities, will be present in large numbers. The JOURNAL will be represented, and will contain a faithful report in the issue following.

THE JOURNAL has engaged a regular correspondent for the city of Chicago and vicinity, and beginning with the first number of January, 1892, will contain weekly letters concerning the deaf of the "World's Fair City." We trust that our enterprise will be appreciated, and that the "silent" residents of America's second greatest city will every one send in the subscription price, or hand it to our Chicago representative, whose nom-de-plume, "Rasco," is a sufficient explanation of his real cognomen, which, however, we have no authority to divulge.

THE Christmas number of the *Catholic Youth* is profusely illustrated, neatly made-up, and printed in style that would do credit to any office. We are proud to call attention to it, because the foreman, Mr. James F. Donnelly, learned his trade at the New York Institution printing office. Mr. Donnelly is a semi-mute of high intelligence, and a man who reflects honor upon the printer's craft.

On the 29th inst., in Philadelphia, All Souls' Working People's Club will give a Christmas Reception, which we hope will prove a success. A very handsome programme, and invitation to attend, has been sent us, and we will endeavor to be present, and greet our many friends in the "City of Brotherly Love."

ITEMIZER.

Abbreviated News concerning Deaf-Mutes.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

Mr. William H. Fomire has gone to Saratoga Springs, N. Y., to spend the Christmas week with his parents.

Mr. John Partington, of New York City, recently was the recipient of a useful present from his aunt, who lives in England.

Hermann Hanneman is working in the Keystone Gas Fixture factory in Philadelphia. He has joined the Mutual Baseball Club of that city.

If any one knowing the address of Anthony A. Bartt will send it to the JOURNAL office, he will confer a favor that will be appreciated.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Heyman will leave this city, on the 24th inst., and spend the holidays with their folks in Plymouth, Pa. They will return home after the holidays.

A correspondent wishes to know if Robert Hogg, a former pupil of Fanwood is still in the land of the living. Can any of the readers inform him through the JOURNAL.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Green, Miss Ella Taylor and several young ladies will receive calls on New Year's Day, at 75 Division Avenue, Brooklyn, E. D., one block from Bedford Avenue.

Mrs. Persis Bowden, of Beverly, Mass., is booked to lecture at the rooms of the Gallaudet Society, Wednesday evening, December 30th, Cortes Street. Her lectures are always interesting. Doubtless she will be pleased to have her deaf-mute friends come to her lecture.

While attempting to turn a somersault one day last week, little Eddie Fox came to grief. His right arm was wrenched, and required the attendance of Dr. Rodenstein. Beyond the inconvenience of a bandaged arm and cessation of tumbling for the present, the little fellow is all right.

At the solicitation of Prof. W. G. Jenkins of the American Asylum, Mr. Geo. A. Simpson, the deaf-mute president, has consented to give an exhibition at the Asylum on the evening of the 30th of December. Mr. Simpson has engagements at halls in Hartford, Rockville and New Haven this winter.

Mr. Cad. L. Washburn delivered a religious discourse with excellent illustrations before the Gallaudet Society and friends last Sunday morning. The subject was: "Why are we apparently becoming less religious?" and "How are we to become more religious?" It was interesting as well as impressive.

On Sunday afternoon, December 13th, Rev. Job Turner had a service in Ames' chapel, New Orleans. A good many deaf-mutes attending. They rejoiced to see him back. He was preparing to spend a week or so, or till he was well again, at Pass Christian, Miss., the Cape May of the South, a nice watering place. In summer it is a very fashionable resort.

FANWOOD QUAD CLUB.

Notice is hereby given that on Thursday evening, December 31st, 1891, at eight o'clock, there will be a business meeting of the Fanwood Quad Club, in the reception room of Saul's Washington Heights Hotel, corner of 162d Street and Amsterdam Avenue.

The meeting will be followed by a "Smoking Concert." This is an original and novel entertainment. The members will see the old year pass away and welcome the New Year with appropriate ceremonies. It is earnestly expected that all the members will be present.

Very respectfully,
ANTHONY CAPELLI,
Sec'y F. Q. C.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

A Very Busy Week.

BREVITIES.

(From our College Correspondent.)

When this issue reaches you, the term examinations will have been concluded and the results announced. Some hearts will have been turned into grief; some into dissatisfaction; some into disappointment. No balm will be at hand to heal the wounds. All we have to do is to bear the consequences like men, and be cheerful. There is an old but frequently quoted saying: "Do not cry over spilt milk." There is plenty of time to regain the lost laurels, if we will only work harder next term. The saying, "Time spent is lost forever," may be true in some things, but is not applicable to a student who has made up his mind to reserve and devote the few hours he usually spends in pleasure-seeking to study. Be cheerful, young man. Do not buttonhole your friend and air your grievances.

Lindsay (Yale, '95), son of Principal Dennison of the Kendall School, is at home to spend the holidays.

Edison Gallaudet (Yale, '93), and Allan Fay (Harvard, '94), are expected here this week. Edison is a candidate for the Yale crew.

Murphy, '95, who was called to Illinois last week on account of his mother's health, as reported in the JOURNAL, reached home a few hours before his mother breathed her last. Mr. Murphy has the sympathy of all his friends on the green in his sad bereavement.

A great football game has been arranged between the Columbia Athletic Club and All-Washington teams, to take place in the city on Christmas Day. The All-Washington team will be composed of students from Yale, Princeton, Harvard and other colleges. Phil King, the famous quarter-back of Princeton, will captain it. Taylor, '92, and Brown, '93, have been asked to join, the former as tackle and the latter as guard. Last year, the All-Washington team defeated the C. A. C. Three thousand people witnessed the game. This year, double that number is expected to be present.

The New York Herald is eagerly sought after these days, on account of the approaching crisis between the United States and Chili. The college corridors are full of war talk. But the cool heads are of the opinion that Chili will yield in the end. At the Navy Yard, the work on guns is being hurried day and night. Those of the students who have been there declare that the patriotic feeling which they experienced was very thrilling. They know now what it is to love and be willing to die for one's country.

Howard, '95, of whom so much has been said, as being the richest deaf-mute in the world, has been seized by the epidemic scare current among the millionaires of New York. He has received a letter from an unknown crank in Toledo, O., asking for money.

The very tempting rates which the railroad companies have offered for the holidays may cause some students who had decided to stay to take advantage of them, and lie themselves off to their sweethearts. The rate to Chicago and return is a cent and a half a mile, or twelve dollars.

Mr. Ely will go to Maryland, Mr. Tillinghast, to North Carolina, and Messrs. Vaught and Hare, to New York, immediately after the examinations. Our holidays commence on Wednesday noon, and end with Monday, January 4th. None of the members of the Faculty, as far as we know, will go outside of the District during the holidays.

Mr. Sanders and his charming bride have taken up quarters near Georgetown, D. C. We wish them a long life of happiness.

Prof. Gordon, Director of the Normal Department, is now enjoying a well-earned rest. He is satisfied with the progress which the department has made. During the past week, several classes have been reciting orally pieces of poetry. Next?

The base-ball crank, who has been laughed and scoffed at by the football enthusiasts, is now sporting a broad grin, as he watches, from a distance, the lovers of the Rugby discuss the prospects of the base-ball season. "He laughs best who laughs last."

A burlesque production of "Romeo and Juliet" will be given by a few of our amateur actors next week. "Who will be 'Juliet,'" asks everybody. No doubt there will be a great rush for the reserved seats. "Love" was the subject of our Sunday afternoon sermon. It was defined by Prof. Draper.

A Merry Christmas to you!
M. M. T.
KENDALL GREEN, Dec. 20, '91.

First Sunday After Christmas.

December 27th.—The Holy Communion will be celebrated at the 2:45 p.m. service for deaf-mutes in St. Ann's Church, New York.

THE UNION LEAGUE'S RECEPTION.

As Tuesday, December 29th, the day of our ball, is fast approaching, and we almost forgot to note the particulars regarding the affair, we herewith remind the public of the fact.

It has been our object that the affair should surpass the heretofore glorious success of the Union League, and trusting that our efforts in that respect will bear fruit, if we could judge by the amount of tickets which we have already disposed of, the success will certainly be unprecedented.

This ball is the only one of the kind to occur this season, so we do not think we are expecting too much when we say we want to see all our friends.

The tickets of admission are but seventy-five cents, which is within the reach of all, and we feel positive that no one who will be present would have missed it for as many dollars.

The dancing will be under the direction of a capable gentleman, and one who has acted in the same capacity at an affair recently held at one of the largest halls in this city. He will be ably assisted by the committee chosen for that purpose.

The music will be rendered by Prof. Davis and his band, who are too well known for me to dwell upon in any manner. I mention this fact so as to let our hearing friends know that the enjoyment in store for them is not to be ignored.

In making up our reception committee, we have taken great pains to select such members as are best acquainted with the art of pleasing our guests, and will make them at home, so that our friends are assured of a hearty welcome, and a right royal one, too.

In view of the fact that the Union League was uniformly successful in its efforts at entertaining, it renders further comment on our coming ball useless, but one more word,—we desire to say that we received assurances from prominent deaf-mutes as well as hearing gentlemen interested in our welfare, of their presence on the occasion. I remain,
Yours truly,
JOSEPH YAUKAUER.

P. S.—The time is Tuesday evening. The date is December 29th. The place is Lyric Hall. The location is Sixth Avenue, near 42d Street. For further information see our advertisement on last page.

ALBANY, N. Y.

Two old Christmas customs that are still observed to a considerable extent in certain parts of England, are those of the "Yule dow," or, in modern parlance, "dough," and the "Christmas pound." The former is a small cake, baked in the form of a little baby, and intended to represent the infant Jesus. It was customary a century ago for English bakers to present one of these "Yule dows" to every customer, but this gift is now made only to children. The "Christmas pound" consists of a pound or half-a-pound of raisins or currants, which grocers present to their regular patrons for a Christmas pudding.

The latter custom is now principally confined to the town of Ripon, in Yorkshire. Though the term, "Christmas box," is not applied in America as it is in England, to the gratuities which are expected and even demanded at the Christmas season by the letter-carriers, the milk-man, the butcher's boy, the district messenger, and other equally useful and indispensable members of society, yet the custom of giving them in the one country as in the other. With us, these donations are usually expected before Christmas, or on the morning of that day at the latest, but in England they are not levied until the day following—December 26th. Then all who expect them go about and collect them in person, and from this collecting of "Christmas boxes," the day after Christmas is known as "boxing day," and its night as "boxing night."

The origin of the term, "Christmas box," as applied to donations of Christmas spending-money, is uncertain, though antiquarians generally seem to think that it was derived from the custom of placing money for masses to be said or sung on Christmas Day, therefore "Christ-masses," in a box, which, from this use, was called a "Christmas box"—a term gradually corrupted to "Christmas box," and finally applied to all money given as a Christmas gratuity.

Many Albany women have been quite badly frightened by the numerous burglaries that have been perpetrated hereabouts, and many an old pistol has been hauled out from its resting place in the bottom of a bureau drawer, to be loaded in readiness for a visit from some enterprising crook. The electric light does not deter the burglar from entering a house by a front basement window. The houses that have been visited were empty, hence it appears that the thieves watch the house too closely, to learn when the occupants go out. They made their way into the house of one of our married deaf-mute couples recently, but were frightened away by their three-year-old daughter, who opened the door to see who was there. They dashed down the stairs and were soon out of sight, before the little one could explain to her papa who was there. It seems that an organized gang is working in Albany and other places near here. The police can be relied

on to catch the burglars sooner or later.

Michael McLaughlin, of Quaker Street, N. Y., in company with Messrs. Flynn and Sparrow, visited the parents of the late Philip Sharkey last Sunday, and had a pleasant time. They expect to have his crayon portrait in their cosy parlor before Christmas. We sympathize with the bereaved mother, who is still heart-broken over her loss.

More anon.

THE OWL.

Wedding Bells.

McCAFFREY—WILLIAMS.

Miss Mary Williams, of this city, and Mr. Michael McCaffrey, of Greenpoint, L. I., were quietly married at St. Nicholas Church, 2d Street, near Avenue A, last Sunday, at 3:30 p.m. Rev. Father Meeklen performed the marriage ceremony, the bride, who is an orphan, being given away by Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Minihan. The bride, a handsome brunette, wore a lovely gown of flannel, with silver braid and feather, and a tan wrapper with beads, and her hat was of brown velvet with tips trimmed. Her bouquet was of roses and lilies. Miss Rosie Williamson was the maid-of-honor, and was attired in gray silk gown, with a beautiful diamond necklace, and carried a big bunch of roses.

The wedding supper was served at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Minihan. The table was beautifully decorated by Adolph Reininger with quantities of roses and palms. Mr. Reininger started the fun and games, and Dennis J. Sullivan, the best man, won a prize of a big doll. The second prize, a tea-set, was given to Miss Maggie Gillen.

Mr. and Mrs. McCaffrey took a trip to Washington, D. C., to spend their honeymoon for some weeks, and will return to this city again for housekeeping.

Mr. McCaffrey graduated from Fanwood with high honors ten years ago. His bride graduated from Fordham School, having won a diamond hairpin for good conduct. The presents noticed were very beautiful: Mr. Philip McCaffrey, a dozen silver knives and forks; Miss Mary McCaffrey, a French mirror; Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Minihan, one dozen silver knives and forks, and half a dozen silver spoons; Dennis J. Sullivan, a French clock; Mr. Joe Regan, a velvet rocking chair; and Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Reininger, a magnificent parlor lamp.

Among the invited guests were Mr. Philip McCaffrey and his sister, Mrs. Mary Batz and her married daughter Annie, Mrs. Reininger, Mr. Joe Regan and Miss Maggie Graham, Mr. Carr and Miss Maggie Crane, Mr. Wm. Allen and Miss Bridget McCue, and Miss Maggie Gillen, all of Greenpoint, L. I.

EDGEWOODVILLE, PA.

While the deaf in all the cities are showing their love and appreciation for the "Father of deaf-mute education in America," the boys and girls in this Institution are not unmindful that they owe much to him for his energy and sacrifices to establish what has developed into the best educational system for deaf-mutes in the world.

Last Saturday evening, the Gallaudet Literary Society met to listen to memorial exercises, consisting of a lecture by Mr. A. U. Downing, who discoursed eloquently on the merits of the elder Gallaudet and pointed out what the deaf owe to him; a recitation of an appropriate hymn by one of the lady managers, and laudatory remarks by all. During the evening, two of our pupils, whose desires to behold the glories of Santa Claus and the brilliancy of shop windows in the city, and knowing that every one was thoroughly interested in the proceedings of the meeting, took "French leave" and quietly stole away. They were missed after the meeting, but as it was then late, and they could not be traced. The next morning, however, Mr. Allabough, acting detective, located the truant pair and brought them back to their duties—and their senses it is to be hoped.

The music of wedding bells seems to have a great fascination for our teachers. Only last summer, two of them took upon themselves the responsibilities of conjugal relations, and now two more are courting the services of Hymen. Before this reaches your readers, Miss Stella Sears, of Jacksonville, Ill., will have become Mrs. A. U. Downing, and Miss Edith Phelps, of Warren, O., Mrs. Henry Bards. Mr. and Mrs. Downing will board at his present place until next summer, while Mr. and Mrs. Bards will go to house-keeping in their cottage on Ella Street, Wilkesburg. We extend to both couples our warmest congratulations, and hope their voyaging may always be pleasant and free from "squalls."

G. M. T.

Mr. C. O. Dantzer's Appointments.

Christmas Day.—2:30 P.M. Evening Prayer, St. James, Buffalo.
Dec. 27th.—3 P.M., St. James, Buffalo.
Jan. 1st.—3 P.M., Christ Church, Oswego.
Jan. 3d.—3 P.M., St. John's, Auburn.
Jan. 7th.—Oneida.
Jan. 8th.—7:30 P.M., Trinity, Utica.
Jan. 10th.—Rome.

PHILADELPHIA.

From our Philadelphia Correspondent.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to every reader, is the wish of your correspondent, "The Recorder."

Mr. and Mrs. Thies, deaf-mutes, who embarked on a voyage of matrimony in Baltimore, Md., visited All Souls' Club last Thursday evening.

Last Thursday evening, All Souls' Club held its quarterly business meeting. The general report of the council was read and adopted. No important business was transacted. The club has forty-four female members, and twenty-eight male members—a total of seventy-two members.

On the evening previous to the above, Mr. Wm. Henry Lipsett delivered an instructive lecture on "Throw Physics into the Dogs," before Apollo Club, in its hall.

A grand reception and levee will be held in the Parish Hall of All Souls' Church, on Franklin Street above Green Street, Saturday evening, December 26th. Admission, including supper, will be fifty cents. The programme consists of three parts, viz:—(1) A good time by all; (2) A present for every one by Santa Claus; (3) A supper. The number of persons will be limited to 150, so that every mute desiring to have a good time, ought to send notice of his or her coming, to Rev. Mr. Koehler, 228 Rittenhouse Street, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Leisersohn expects to pay a visit to their relatives in Carbon County, Pa., during the holiday week.

Miss D. Geiger will go on a flying visit to her parents in Lancaster, Pa., next week.

Several mutes here were sick with "La Grippe," but they have luckily recovered.

On Christmas Day and New Year's Day, both All Souls' Club and Apollo Club will be open to receive receive visiting deaf-mutes from out-of-town.

THE RECORDER.

PHILA., Dec. 20, '91.

Rochester, N. Y.

We, the deaf-mutes, of Rochester and vicinity, will long remember the evening of November 21st, 1891. When we heard that Chas. O. Dantzer (a lay reader) was married, we thought that it would be pleasant to give him and his bride a grand reception, and on that evening about thirty-five deaf-mutes gathered at the home of E. P. Mood, 52 Glenwood Avenue, to welcome the bride and groom. The time before refreshments was spent socially, all getting acquainted with the bride.

Coffee, sandwiches and cakes were passed, after which Mr. Wood made appropriate remarks. Mr. Dantzer responding. Then the guests were once more invited to the dining-room where a handsome, costly wedding cake, awaited for the bride to cut. Before cutting, Mr. Acker made some remarks to Mr. Dantzer and wife. The bride cut the first piece and the groom the second. After cutting, Mr. Hebing spoke hearty words to them and pieces of cake were handed to each, which they ate with ice cream. This over, Mr. Wood presented, in behalf of the Rochester mutes, to the groom and bride, a magnificent silver cake-basket, and from Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Wood, a handsome handkerchief case. Also from Mr. Acker, a pretty marble lead-pencil. We heartily congratulated Mr. Dantzer and wife, and wished them happiness. We dispersed about twelve o'clock, well-pleased with the evening.

Those present were Maggie McKee, of Brockport, N. Y., Annie and Mollie Kennedy, Eva Sullivan, of Fairport, N. Y., H. W. Smith, of Albion, N. Y., Clara Collins and her speaking sister, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Stein, Tillie Smith, Miss Stackel, Mrs. A. Rome, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Gibbs, Chas. D. Gibbs, John C. Acker, Wm. Hebing, Henry Kimmel, F. H. Wackerman, Chas. Merklinger, Annie Lawrence, and Mrs. S. M. Deane, Louise Lauer, C. Critchley, Pat Donohue, John P. Garland, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Dantzer and Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Wood. Miss Maggie McKeeon stopped with Mrs. E. P. Wood, last Thanksgiving, and spent two days. Chas. Merklinger and Miss Annie Scheel, of Rochester, N. Y., were married on the 25th of November. A reception followed the ceremony at the home of the bride's mother, 101 Martin Street, at six o'clock in the evening. The happy couple were the recipients of a large and valuable assortment of wedding presents. We congratulate them upon the new step taken in the higher social life. They took a trip to Buffalo, N. Y., and other places, and returned for their future residence at 270 West Ave., flats opposite those of Mr. Merklinger's father, who owns that block.

EX SALT CITY.

Glad to be Corrected.

THE NEW YORK JOURNAL speaks of Mr. D. W. George, of Jacksonville, Ill., as a congenital mute. The JOURNAL is in error. There are some teachers of hearing schools in Kentucky whose gray hairs bear eloquent testimony to the struggles of their owners to inculcate into young Dudley a knowledge of the three R's, and to train him up in the way he should go. He began to lose his hearing gradually when he was about nine years of age and by the time he was twelve he was totally deaf. He talks well, however, and is a semi-mute of the first water.—*Ky. Deaf-Mute.*

NOTICE.

Residents of Newark, N. J., and vicinity are invited to the Holy Communion in Trinity Church, next Sunday, December 27th, at three o'clock.

NEW YORK, Dec. 21, 1891.

However fashionable and attractive the Smooth Kersey or Melton Overcoat, the appropriateness of the rougher fabric for real cold weather is undeniable.

We have some glorious Ulsters of Lapland Beavers, bodies silk-lined, skirts worsted-lined—one lot satin lined throughout; also other less expensive but excellent Ulsters. But not every man cares to own several top coats, and for all uses nothing surpasses a good Chinchilla Overcoat.

Our stock includes all varieties of rough Overcoats from finest fifty-dollar Montagnacs down; but the Chinchillas we sell at \$18 to \$25 combine utmost durability with moderate cost.

A. L. Thomas, a deaf-mute salesman, will be glad to show your stock at the Prince Street store when you can conveniently call to look at clothing, hats or shoes.

Free deliveries to all points within one hundred miles of New York City.

ROGERS, PEET & CO.

THREE (Price, BROADWAY, Warren, STORES, 1st St.)

ESTABLISHED 1830

Geo. W. Welsh

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NEW YORK.

Elevated Railroad Station at the door. Immense stock, special bargains and varied assortment of

WATCHES
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MARBLE CLOCKS, FANCY GOODS

Watch Repairing and Jobbing of all kinds

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EVERY ARTICLE WARRANTED.

FANWOOD ALUMNI,
ATTENTION!

Photographic Views of New York Institution. Exterior and Interior can now be had at the following prices.

Stereoscopic, (no two alike) per dozen \$1.50
Twenty-five copies, (no two alike) for 3.00
Single Views on gilt bevelled panels 3x4 1/2, per dozen 75
Twenty-five copies (no two alike) for 1.50

For souvenirs or presents to friends. There is nothing better. Now is the time to order.

Postage stamps taken.

RANALD DOUGLAS,
Livingston, N. J.

LECTURE COURSE

—1891-'92—

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

BROOKLYN SOCIETY
(OF DEAF-MUTES)

ADELPHI HALL
Adelphi Street, cor. Myrtle Avenue.

SATURDAY, JAN. 10, 1892.

Beginning at 7:45 o'clock P.M.

ALL SILENT AND DARK TO HER

Throckmorton county, Tex., is far out of the general ways. The little ranch on which Oscar Robin supports his family by the shearing of a few sheep is in this county, thirty-five miles from Dallas, the nearest railroad station. Robin came over from Sweden about ten years ago and found a wife in the depths of the Tennessee mountains. Their first child was born on the ranch on July 12, 1884. Two children, girls, as the first was, have come since. With these younger girls this story has nothing to do, except to note that they are fair skinned and healthy, and as intelligent as most children of their age. The oldest girl is already well known in New England. Before many years she may be famous throughout the world on account of a most remarkable experiment that is being made with her.

When this little girl, who was christened Willie Elizabeth, was fifteen months old, she had an attack of spinal meningitis. The doctors of Throckmorton County said it was congestion of the stomach. The child managed to live through the results of this notable diagnosis, and when she was eighteen months old, she was again in health, although thin and not as yet strong. But her sickness had stamped upon her an affliction which does not often fall to the lot of human beings. She was, by it, cut off from all knowledge or means of communication with the rest of the world, except by the sense of touch.

A child of fifteen months is never very far advanced. This little girl had learned but two words—mamma and papa. Now at the end of her sickness, her mother found that her little daughter's big gray eyes would never see anything again; that the small, prettily shaped ears would have no knowledge of voice or sound of any kind. The child had been condemned to a life imprisonment in a cell, into which no ray of light, no sound, however loud, however sweet, would penetrate.

The little one soon forgot the two words she had known and confined her vocal utterances to loud, strident cries of pain or anger. As no sensation could reach her, she never gave vent to anything like laughter. She learned two signs, those most necessary to life and known in one way or another to all animals. When she was hungry she opened her mouth and thrust her fingers down her throat. When she was thirsty she crossed her arms upon her breast, putting her clenched hands against her shoulders. The first sign was, as you see, a simple pointing in the direction which food takes. The second touched the place where thirst affects one.

She got her bearings in the house, which to her was forever shrouded in the profoundest silence and gloom. She followed her mother about almost all the time, having strange freaks of passion and viciousness. She was keenly sensitive to the presence of living things in her neighborhood. She hated and feared animals of all kinds, and when one came about she would fly with uncouth screams of terror.

Her mother taught her to do some things, but of course could make no progress in real training. About the most complicated thing she ever learned was washing dishes. She got to be passionately fond of this, and to use her mother's remarkable expression, she wiped the plates till they creaked. But at six years she was still a blind, speechless girl, hearing nothing, knowing nothing, groping in blackness and silence.

One day a newspaper brought to this ranch some account of the treatment Helen Keller was getting. The father saw the similarity between the two cases, and after talking it over with the mother, wrote to Mr. M. Anagnos, the principal of the Perkins Institute for the Blind, near Boston. Mr. Anagnos at once saw what a remarkable case it was and paid the expense of the mother and child from Texas to Boston. Then he took them at once to Jamaica Plain, where the kindergarten for the blind children is situated.

When the little girl arrived there she was a most savage looking creature. She was clad in the coarsest clothing. Her long, dirty yellow hair hung over into her eyes. Her face was dull and blank in expression. She would permit no one to come near her except her mother. She was strong beyond her years, and would bite, kick, and push so savagely that the slender young woman who was to be her teacher could do nothing with her.

After a week's stay the mother went back to Texas. Then the teacher began to take the child in hand. Of course a pupil of this kind takes all the time, energy, and patience of one teacher. The young woman who devoted herself to the labor of leading this little one out of this black and soundless desert is Miss Effie J. Thayer, whose parents live at 17 Brooklyn avenue, Brooklyn.

All that the child learns she gets through this young woman. To her Miss Thayer is light and voice and protection—the only means she has of touching the world. Before Miss Thayer began her work the child was carefully examined by Boston specialists. It was found that the optic and auditory nerves were completely paralyzed. So dense is the darkness in which the child lives that she can not distinguish even light from shadow. It is all night for her—night and silence. On Dec. 20, 1890, the first lesson was given to her.

It would seem, when one first

thinks of it that it would be impossible to establish communication with such a being. Her mind was certainly almost blank, and it is not easy to think how the teacher could reach in and take hold of the few tendrils of thought that might have reached out even in such darkness and silence.

Miss Thayer did this, and to-day the child has a vocabulary of about 600 words, asks questions and understands answers, reads a bit, and is in many ways far advanced as the average hearing and seeing child of her age.

Miss Thayer's first difficulty was to get acquainted with the child.

In a few weeks she had her tamed so that she would hug and kiss her at times, and would have hours when she was perfectly tractable and obedient. The first word she taught the child was hat.

At her first interview with the child she noticed that it felt around on the floor and picked up a shallow basket. It felt the basket carefully and put it on its head. This gave Miss Thayer the idea of teaching the child the word hat. She took Willie, as the child is called, upon her lap. She caught hold of her right wrist and made her little fingers feel a dozen hats of different kinds. Miss Thayer would make the blind alphabet letters for hat against the palm of the little one's hand after feeling each hat.

Then she would form Willie's finger into the shapes of the letters. Finally, Willie understood that the personality outside of her was signaling to her the sign for the object which felt such and such a way. It was the first ray of light into the darkness.

To make sure that Willie understood, Miss Thayer taught her another word, fan, in the same way. Then she taught her the word ring. These lessons were repeated again and again for ten days. At the end of that time a whole flood of light burst into the child's mind. She grasped the abstract thought that objects had names. She became eager for knowledge. She searched about for objects, and wanted to get the name for each.

After the noun came the verb. This Miss Thayer taught by acting. For instance, she would press against the palm of the little hand the letters of sit down. Then she would push the child into a chair. Frequent repetitions to this and other actions, with their accompanying verbs soon got the verb idea into the child's mind. So the lessons went on, until now the child knows the names and shapes of about 400 objects, has a certain understanding of 100 verbs, and has an idea of the meaning of many adjectives, prepositions, and adverbs.

Miss Thayer says that the child does not ask as many questions as she could wish. But, as Miss Thayer observes, this is not surprising when we think how faintly at best the world looms upon the gloomy horizon of the child's mind. She has a few simple abstract ideas, but her mental life is material and practical.

She reads simple lessons about "Little Ned Gets Wet," in raised letters. In reading she takes the greatest delight. She is always anxious to take her book to bed with her, where, of course, she can read as well as in the broadest brightest day.

Miss Thayer now has her pupil at 17 Brooklyn avenue, Brooklyn, for a short visit to Miss Thayer's parents. Yesterday afternoon a *Sun* reporter called to see the child. Soon there came into the room a little girl dressed in a simple, pretty gown. She had long golden hair loose and waving upon her shoulders, and cut into a straight bang across the forehead. Her skin was snow white with a red flush of health in the cheeks. Her features were regular, her mouth a small rosebud, and her eyes big and gray. One never sees a prettier, more high-bred looking child than this little daughter of the Swedish ranchman, and her face is full of intelligence. Her actions are childish, playful, yet full of a quaint and most attractive dignity. Her eyes have that peculiar look—stealthy and wary, which one always sees in the eyes of the blind. This child, however, seems to be able to put a certain amount of sympathy into them which at times makes them as beautiful and bright as they would be were they seeing eyes.

She came into the room and felt her way with a stumbling, yet not ungraceful hesitation to Miss Thayer's side. Miss Thayer put her left hand about the child's wrist and asked her who was in the room. She, of course, did this by pressing the letters, which she formed with her right hand, into the child's palm. The child came over, felt the reporter's hand, then touched his coat, and answered "Man." She added that it was not a certain man whom she knew but one she did not know.

Miss Thayer sent her for a rocking chair. She felt around the room, along the hall, into another room, and soon came back with the chair. She sat down in it, and, taking her box of beads, began stringing them with as much dexterity as though it were not her small, graceful, sensitive white fingers that saw as well as felt.

Every now and then she smiled softly to herself. Miss Thayer said that she was of a most happy and affectionate disposition.

She has overcome her antipathy to animals to a certain extent and has two dog friends. The most curious thing about her is her sense of the presence of men and animals. Even in a crowded street she will feel that a dog is somewhere near. She is most interested in the phenomenon of laughter, which she has had explained to her. One man who had laughed so loudly in her presence

that the vibrations reached her, she never mentions without adding that he laughs. She also is anxious to know if animals laugh. Although Miss Thayer has told her that animals do not laugh, she repeats the question and smiles rather incredulously at the negative answer. She evidently has formed an opinion of her own on the subject.

Some of her instincts are curious. For instance, at the house to which she was taken for a visit last summer, there were a young man and young woman who were very fond of each other. From the first this blind, dumb child seemed to have a knowledge of the situation. She knows nothing of the abstractions of love, marriage, and so on, yet she never spells out the name of one of these persons without immediately spelling the name of the other.

Mr. Anagnos is making a most interesting experiment with the child. Several times before these experiments have been made with blind or dumb children to see whether the idea of a divine being is innate. But all these experiments have been unsatisfactory, because a deaf child will see something and a blind child will hear something in spite of every precaution, and their acute minds will at once seek and secure an explanation of some sort. Now Mr. Anagnos sees in this child a chance to make a positive addition to knowledge of innate ideas.

The child was smitten at an age when it was impossible for her to have had any ideas beyond hunger and thirst. She has a mind of remarkable quickness and acuteness. All religious ideas have been kept away from her. She has never heard the word "God" or "Jesus" or "Sunday" or "religion" or "hymn" or any other word which would lead to inquiry upon religion. She knows the word church, and she has been to church, and likes it because of the sensation of people at rest which penetrates her probably. But she does not know what a church is for or why people go there. She simply has the word church.

Now Mr. Anagnos proposes that this ignorance shall continue. No more about God, religion, or hereafter will ever appear in her reading or in any conversation with her. In a few years the world will begin to arrange itself to her and she will get many abstract ideas. She will begin to reason about things, to ask questions. Then it will come out whether a human being with no aid from human beings, with no suggestions from the sound of thunder, the flash of lightning, with no view of trees and seas and mountains and skies, can yet rise to the thought of God. Most theists have held that such a human being could, because God has implanted a knowledge of Himself in every human heart, a knowledge innate and intuitive. If the child does some day ask after the Great Cause or address Him under one of His attributes, it will be a striking argument for the theory of innate ideas.

According to some Christian creeds this keeping of the child in ignorance of God and the tidings of heaven and hell would imperil the salvation of its soul. But perhaps Mr. Anagnos thinks there is enough difference of opinion on this point to justify his experiment. The cost of keeping this child and in educating her is more than \$1,000 a year. As Mr. Anagnos pays most of it out of his own pocket, he is not sorry when charity comes to his aid and helps him in his endeavor to give this child a knowledge of the world which she can never see or hear.

She already understands that others do with their eyes and ears as she cannot do. In addition to her reading and dumb speech, she is becoming proficient in all the games and work of the kindergarten. She makes mats, she sews, she cuts out figures. And her skill is marvelous. Her small white fingers have as great dexterity as sensitiveness.

It must not be forgotten that she has learned to articulate twenty words. A deaf child could yet see how words are made. A blind child could, of course, hear them. But this child has learned by feeling how they are uttered. The teacher spells the word to her, then puts the child's fingers against her lips and utters the word. The child then tries to imitate it. After a while she gets the sound with surprising clearness. But no deaf-mute ever learned to articulate agreeably, and this child will be no exception.

Miss Thayer and the child have become devoted each to the other. The child obeys her perfectly and yet has developed an individuality of her own. Miss Thayer talks to her now as she would to any person and though the child does not understand a great deal, she thinks it over in that uninterrupted silence and darkness so conducive to thought, and grasps far more than the teacher at first thinks. The longest sentence she has ever made was at the table the other day when she spelled out this: "Does Mrs. Johnson keep her mouth closed when she eats?"

There will be a doll's fair in Boston during the holidays for the benefit of the kindergarten of the Perkins Institute. This little girl will have a reception there and it is hoped that some money will be raised for her. There are now three of these blind-deaf-dumb children in the hands of the teachers of the Perkins Institute. But this child is the most remarkable, because of the early age at which her misfortunes fell upon her and because of the swiftness with which she is advancing along a pathway that is hard enough for those who see and hear.—*New York Sun*.

DIRECTORY

For the convenience of the public, we publish in this column, in ALPHABETICAL ORDER, the names of Societies, Clubs and Associations of Deaf-Mutes.

ALL SOULS WORKING PEOPLE'S CLUB & LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

This club, organized on September 22d, 1885, and reorganized November 28th, 1888, is entirely non-sectarian, and any deaf person over eighteen years of age may join it by agreeing to pay a small sum of money into the treasury. The object of the club is to supplement the instruction received while at school, by a course of lectures and other literary exercises, and the members are admitted to all the club's character. In addition, harmless and rational amusements are provided. The club has the use of the guild rooms in All Souls' Church, 234 West 10th St., New York City. The officers of the club are: Rev. J. M. Koehler, *Ex-officio* Chairman; (secretary) Vice-Chairman; Robert M. Zeigler, President; Thomas Breen, First Vice-President; Thomas Breen, Second Vice-President; J. S. Reider, Secretary and Treasurer, whose address is No. 1008 Summer Street, Mrs. J. S. Reider, Assistant Secretary; Wm. McKinney, Assistant Treasurer; and Wm. A. Miles, Sergeant-at-Arms; The club rooms are open on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings.

APOLLO WORKINGMEN'S CLUB.

The object of the Apollo Workingmen's Club is to advance the social, moral, intellectual and physical welfare. The club occupies a whole five-room house at 1302 Washington Avenue, Philadelphia, and its members are invited to use the house at all hours. Business meetings are held on the first Saturday evening of every month. The officers for 1891-'92 are: President, Wm. Henry Lloyd; Vice-President, E. D. Wilson; Secretary, Jas. E. Morony; Assistant Secretary, Wm. F. Durian; and Treasurer, Spencer M. Hannold. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary at 1302 Washington Avenue, Philadelphia.

BALTIMORE DEAF-MUTE SOCIETY.

The Society holds its meetings every alternate Wednesday in the basement of the Primitive Baptist Church, on Madison St., one door east of Calvert St. Its object is to improve the moral and intellectual life of the deaf, and of cultivating a taste for literature, oratory and debate, and of exerting a good moral influence by social intercourse. Lectures and readings are held at 7 o'clock on Wednesday. The officers are: President, A. Brantley; Vice-President, W. McKim; Secretary, J. W. L. Unsworth; Treasurer, J. W. L. Unsworth; and Sergeant-at-Arms, H. H. Mooney. The Secretary's address is No. 723 St. Peter St.

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATION.

This association is a branch of the Y. M. C. A., of San Francisco. President, Theodore Grady; Vice-President, Koosuth Selig; Secretary, Wm. H. Winslow; Treasurer, Henry J. McCoy; Librarian, Frank B. Shattuck. Divine services first and third Sundays in each month, alternate at 11 A.M. and 7 P.M. Meetings are held the first Wednesday of each month, at the Young Men Christian Association, cor. Polyston and Berkeley Sts. The officers are as follows: President, Mrs. J. W. H. Winslow; Vice-President, Mrs. I. A. Blanchard; Treasurer, Mrs. E. W. Wood; Secretary, Mrs. Adam Acheson; Relief Committee: Mrs. Rhoda Barand; Mrs. Hattie Wheeler; Mrs. John Magee. All communications to be addressed to Mrs. Adam Acheson, 2 Spruce St., Rosindale, Mass.

MUTUAL & CHARITABLE RELIEF SOCIETY OF BOSTON.

The purpose of the Society is principally social improvement, and to help the needy of our kind. Meetings are held the first Wednesday of each month, at the Young Men Christian Association, cor. Polyston and Berkeley Sts. The officers are as follows: President, Mrs. J. W. H. Winslow; Vice-President, Mrs. I. A. Blanchard; Treasurer, Mrs. E. W. Wood; Secretary, Mrs. Adam Acheson; Relief Committee: Mrs. Rhoda Barand; Mrs. Hattie Wheeler; Mrs. John Magee. All communications to be addressed to Mrs. Adam Acheson, 2 Spruce St., Rosindale, Mass.

CINCINNATI SOCIETY.

The Anderson Society dates its organization from 1879, and has for its objects the moral, intellectual and social improvement of the deaf, and the enjoyment of its members and their friends in general. It holds meetings in Anderson Hall, No. 192 West Fifth St., Cincinnati, on the first and third Wednesdays of each month. All are welcome. Literary exercises once a month. Lectures, social gatherings, etc., occasionally. The officers for 1891-'92 are: President, Albert S. Tufts; Secretary, Frank B. Roberts; Treasurer, and Geo. A. Wise, Librarian. Communications are to be addressed to the Secretary, C. W. Bennett, 201 East 1st St., Cincinnati, O.

DEAF-MUTES UNION LEAGUE OF NEW YORK CITY.

This organization is one formed for the purpose of bringing into closer intercourse, the deaf-mutes of the United States, for the improved instruction of deaf-mutes of the City of New York, and to disseminate such views as will tend to their welfare. It meets twice a month, and the President is Mr. Samuel Frankheim. Communications are to be addressed to the Secretary, E. Souweine, 210 Canal Street, New York City.

GALLAUDET SOCIETY, OF BOSTON.

The Gallaudet Society for Deaf-Mutes (formerly the "Cambridge Society") holds services in the basement of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Cortes St., Boston, every Sunday, at 10:45 A.M. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet's sermons appear on the first and third Sundays of each month. All are welcome. Literary exercises once a month. Lectures, social gatherings, etc., occasionally. The officers for 1891-'92 are: President, Albert S. Tufts; Secretary, Frank B. Roberts; Treasurer, and Geo. A. Wise, Librarian. Communications are to be addressed to the Secretary, C. W. Bennett, 201 East 1st St., Cincinnati, O.

GERMAN CHARITY SOCIETY.

Meets at Germania Hall, 46 Avenue A, between 2d and 3d Sts., New York City. President, S. Werner; Vice-President, H. Eschert; Recording Secretary, S. Nibler; Financial Secretary, E. Kollenbaum; Treasurer, Charles H. Hart. The Secretary's address is: 235 East 4th St., New York City.

GRANITE STATE MISSION.

The Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission meets every year in different parts of New Hampshire, and elects officers every year. The object of the mission is to promote the moral welfare of the mute community in the State. The officers are as follows:—Willie E. White, President, 35 Arlington St., Nashua; Mrs. A. M. Fish, Secretary, Nashua; Willie A. Deering, Treasurer, Pittsfield. The officers for 1891-'92 are: President, Willie E. White; Secretary, Mrs. A. M. Fish; Treasurer, Willie A. Deering; Librarian, J. B. Brown. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary at 234 N. 19th Street.

ST. LOUIS DEAF-MUTE CLUB.

The organization of the St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club occurred in the month of April, 1882, and its purposes are principally of a social nature, being non-sectarian and independent in every respect, to cultivate the social and mental improvement of its members by timely lectures, and also by the aid of general literature, to guarantee to them all the pleasures that were deprived by the loss of their hearing, and to stimulate general harmony among themselves. It holds its regular meeting for the transaction of business only, in Room No. 12, on the 3d floor of the Empire Building, 99 Olive St. Strangers in the city are cordially invited to avail themselves of its opportunities. The officers elected for the season of 1891-'92 are as follows: President, Geo. D. Hanker; Vice-President, John J. Smith; Secretary, William Schaub; Treasurer, Charles Wolf; Sergeant-at-Arms, William Thurner; Librarian, Mrs. J. B. Brown. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary at 234 N. 19th Street.

PAS-A-PAS CLUB.

The Pas-a-Pas Club, incorporated in 1891, under the statutes of Illinois, for the social and literary culture of its members, transacts business on the first Saturday evening of each month. The Pas-a-Pas Hall, on the south-east corner of Clark and Randolph streets, opposite Court House, is at the disposal of visitors to the city day and evening, and when not open access to the hall can be obtained through any member. Officers for ensuing year are: Geo. T. Dougherty, President; C. G. Codman, Vice-President; O. H. Regensburg, Corresponding Secretary; F. P. Gibson, Recording Secretary; M. Sonnenhorn, Treasurer; J. Berzler, Sergeant-at-Arms; C. Morton and G. Frazer, Trustees. Direct all communications to O. H. Regensburg, Corresponding Secretary, 934 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

THE BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes meets every Friday night, at the Adelphi Hall, Adelphi Street, corner of Myrtle Avenue, at 7:30 o'clock. Its object is to benefit socially and intellectually. The officers of the Society for 1891-'92 are: President, Thomas Godfrey; Vice-President, Julius Wollmann; 1st Vice-President, James S. Orr, Secretary; and H. A. Schenck, Treasurer. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, James S. Orr, 46 Wierfield Street.

THE ALBANY SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Society holds its meeting at the Sunday School rooms of St. Paul's Church on Jay Street, every Thursday evening at half seven, from the first Thursday in October to the second week in April, and the closing is from the second week in April to the first week in October. The Society extends its courtesies to strangers. Its object is to promote the moral and intellectual welfare and sociability of the deaf, by having debates, lectures and story telling. The officers for 1891-'92 are: President, Charles F. Mull; Vice-President, Thure G. Carman; Secretary, May D. Henry; Treasurer, Arabella De Villagar; Sergeant-at-Arms, Mr. Tool. The Secretary's address is No. 8 Daniel Street, Albany, N. Y.

THE CHICAGO DEAF-MUTE SOCIETY.

The Chicago Deaf-Mute Society was organized in the month of September, 1878, for the purpose of promoting the moral welfare of the mute community. Meetings are held on the last Saturday of each month at the residences of its members. The officers are as follows: Frank F. Andrews, President; Mr. James Gibney, Vice-President; John R. Cotton, Treasurer; Edward P. Holmes, Secretary. The Secretary's address is 381 Centre Street.

THE LOS ANGELES ASSOCIATION.

Services every Sunday, at 3 P.M., at the Guild Room of the St. Paul's Church, Olive Street, Los Angeles. Objects: 1. The holding of religious services in the sign-language. 2. The social and intellectual improvement of deaf-mutes. 3. Assisting them to obtain employment at their trades. 4. Visiting and aiding them in sickness. 5. Giving information and advice where needed. Officers: President, Norman V. Lewis; Vice-President, Alex. Houghton; Secretary-Treasurer and Missionary, Thos. Widd.

N.B.—The post-office address of Mr. Thomas Widd is Station R, Los Angeles, Cal., to whom all communications should be addressed.

THE MANHATTAN LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF NEW YORK CITY.

The Manhattan Literary Association meets every Thursday evening at 8 P.M., in the basement of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, West 18th St., near 5th Avenue. Its regular business meetings are held every first Thursday of each month, debate every second, and lectures every third. Its object is to improve the moral, intellectual and social welfare of its members. Its officers are: Theo. A. Froehlich, President; J. Laing, Vice-President; Fred. Peak, Second Vice-President; S. M. Brown, Secretary; M. Miller, Treasurer; T. W. Haight, Sergeant-at-Arms. All correspondences should be addressed to the Secretary, 4 Dominick Street, New York City.

THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES.

The New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf-Mutes, named in honor of Thomas H. Gallaudet, is now organized by Edwin W. Frisbee, of Everett, Mass., President; Frank W. Bigelow, of Chelsea, Mass., Vice-President; George C. Sawyer, of Everett, Mass., Secretary; Levi A. Lester, of Providence, R. I., Treasurer. State Directors: For Maine, Fred. Flynn, of Bangor, Me.; for New Hampshire and Vermont, Willie A. Deering, of Pittsfield, N. H.; for Massachusetts, George A. Holmes, of Boston, Mass.; for Connecticut, Herman Erbe, of Waterbury, Ct.; for Rhode Island, John F. Donnelly, of Woonsocket, R. I. For any information, write to the Secretary, 21 Vawter St., Everett, Mass., with stamp enclosed for reply.

THE BAY STATE CHRISTIAN MISSION.

This Mission is for the intellectual, moral, and religious welfare of deaf-mutes in those places where their numbers make it advisable to encourage the formation of Union Societies, for the mutual benefit of all, in their respective localities, to interest all friends of humanity and Christianity in their behalf; to assist in giving extra services to such local Union Societies, which are in need of more services than they can maintain themselves; to offer an addition, or extended help to any independent local society, with their co-operation; to strengthen the ties of Christian and ministerial brotherhood; and to discuss subjects pertaining to sacred ministry. The officers are: E. W. Frisbee, President; Wm. Bailey, Treasurer; and C. Hargrave and H. E. Chapman, Executive Committee.

THE MID-WESTERN MISSION.

Embracing the Dioceses of Pittsburgh, Ohio, Southern Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Western Michigan, Chicago, Springfield, Quincy, Missouri, West Missouri, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota, Milwaukee, and Fond du Lac, General missionary in charge, Rev. Austin W. Mann, 123 Arlington Street, Cleveland, O. Assistant Rev. J. H. Cloud, St. Louis, Mo.

THE NEW JERSEY LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

Meets every two weeks, Thursday evening at 8 sharp, in the Rector Street Chapel, in Rector Street near Park Street, Newark, N. J. The officers of the Association are: President, J. Brede; Vice-President, Wm. Caldwell; Secretary, J. D. Ward; Treasurer, Ella Bouldfield; Sergeant-at-Arms, John P. Cotten.

THE TROY LITERARY SOCIETY.

The society holds its meetings every Saturday evening at 7:30 P.M., in the Guild room of St. Paul's Church, cor. 3d and State Streets. Its regular meeting for the deaf and gentlemen are held, second and fourth Saturdays of each month. The object is the moral improvement of its members by lectures, debates and story telling. The officers of the society are: President, J. C. Riter, and Sergeant-at-Arms, Jeremiah Drum. It has also a Bible Class which meets in the Guild room every Sunday at 3 o'clock, P.M., under the leadership of Chairman H. A. Burt. All the deaf-mutes and strangers in town and country are invited to drop in at the Bible Class and regular meetings. The Secretary's address is 439 First Ave., West Troy, N. Y.

THE KANSAS CITY DEAF-MUTE LITERARY & DEBATING SOCIETY.

The Kansas City Deaf-Mute Literary and Debating Society hold their meetings every Sunday afternoon at 3 P.M., at The Christian Church, corner of Eleventh and Locust Streets. The object of the society is to promote the moral welfare of the mute community. The officers are: C. S. Minor, President; E. B. Sprague, Vice-President; John R. Laughlin, Secretary; Frank Laughlin, Treasurer. All strangers of good behavior are invited to attend. Address all communications to Frank Laughlin, 636 Euclid Avenue, Kansas City, Mo.

THE SALEM SOCIETY.

The Salem Society of Deaf-Mutes is an unsectarian society, organized in Sept. 23, 1874, and occupies one room, No. 241-1-3 Essex Street. Divine services, every Sunday, and prayer meeting, on every last Friday of the month. The members are at liberty to use it at any time (day or evening) in the week for reading, etc. The officers of the Society for 1891 are Samuel Cross, President; Mrs. P. S. Bowden, Secretary; Henry A. Chapman, Treasurer; Joseph Soper, W. Soper, and Edward Mulcahy, Directors.

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